

Everything With You by [emmablowguns](#)

Series: [The Impolite 'Verse](#) [2]

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Summary:

Jonathan is feeling nervous about college, so he calls Nancy and Steve for some help.

Everything With You

Author's Note:

Man I just moved into my dorm today and ok I'm lame so Whatever I do I think "what would X y z characters do in this situation?" So that's what this is. I wrote it all on mobile and didn't edit it cause I just moved in so no wifi but like bare with me here ok also it's not double space sorry idk cause I'm gay and have a lot of Ideas

The phone call came in at about 7:45, or 8:45 on the east coast.

"It's gotta be him." Steve said, crowding behind Nancy as she eagerly picked up the phone.

"Hello?" She said cautiously, resisting the urge to shout out his name in case it was someone else.

"I don't think I can do this, Nancy."

Her heart fluttered at the sound of his voice, but his words troubled her.

"Why?"

"Is it him? Let me say something!" Steve was breathing down her neck, insistently poking and tapping at her shoulders.

"Hang on, Jonathan." She turned to him, scolding him in a stage whisper "Stop it, he's stressing out or something."

Steve's eyebrows knit together in concern, his face going stormy.

"I'm back. What's wrong?"

"I don't know. I'm just overwhelmed. I unpacked everything, and my roommate seems nice but..."

"So what's the problem?"

“What if I don't belong here? Everyone here is so... Different.”

Nancy's heart ached for Jonathan, she wished she and Steve could've helped him get adjusted to his dorm at NYU but they would've just crowded the already packed car.

“You belong there. You got in just like everyone else.”

“He doesn't think he belongs there?” Steve whispered incredulously, to which Nancy had no response.

“I guess.” There was a short pause, then she heard Jonathan take a deep breath. “I just wish you guys were *here*.”

His voice seemed to well with emotion, and Nancy found herself nodding even though she knew he couldn't see.

“I know, I know.” She took a deep breath, falling easily into the same speech she'd been giving all of them since it became apparent their educational choices were taking them in different directions.

“But we'll have the breaks, we'll talk as much as we can, and don't forget we can make trips up to see you!”

Steve smiled at their plans being mentioned, but that didn't subtract from his worry about Jonathan.

“Let me talk to him.”

“Jonathan, Steve wants to talk to you, is that okay?”

“Yeah it's okay.” He seemed to perk up a bit at that, which was reassuring.

Nancy handed the phone to Steve, who snatched it and immediately starting talking.

“Hey man, how's the dorms? Is your roommate like a goth art major or something?”

Jonathan chuckled softly, the joke taking him far away from all his anxieties.

“No, he's okay. Kind of loud, but I'm sure it'll be fine.”

“We're really proud of you, okay? Not just me and Nancy, like everyone.” Nancy smiled at Steve, who shot a warm smile back. He could be incredibly goofy, but he always seemed to know what to say to make someone feel better.

“Oh, thank you.”

“Listen,” He began, getting serious. “Boston isn't that far from New York. All the states are so packed together out there, we'll *definitely* come and visit. Don't worry about that at all, okay?”

“Okay.” And at a pay phone in the basement of an NYU dorm, Jonathan's fingers were loosening their death grip on the phone. He was letting out a shaky breath, nodding to himself reassuringly.

Back in Hawkins, Nancy motioned for Steve to hand her the phone, which he obliged.

“Hang on Nancy wants to say something.”

“I just wanted to say that you can call me anytime. I'll be in Hawkins until the 30th, but when I get to Boston you'll be the first person I give my number and address to, okay?”

“Okay.” She was relieved to hear the smile in his voice returning.

“You gotta send us snapshots of whatever you're working on!” Steve said loudly, trying to be heard.

“What was that?” Jonathan laughed, “Steve?”

Steve took hold of the line again.

“I said, you have to send us snapshots of whatever you're working on at NYU, man.”

“I will, I definitely will.” There was a contemplative long silence from both ends, as both boys imagined where their lives after high school would take them. Finally, Jonathan broke the silence.

"Well, I should probably get back. I don't want anyone to worry."

"Okay, have fun. Seriously, don't be afraid to loosen up a bit."

"Definitely!" Jonathan laughed, then paused, as the weight of what he was about the say seemed to hang between them. "Okay well, I love you. Put Nancy on."

"I love you too." Steve replied effortlessly. It was easier than breathing. He passed the phone to Nancy.

"Jonathan? Do you feel a little better now?"

"Yeah, I feel way better. I should probably go for now, though. But I'll call when I get a free moment, maybe tomorrow?"

"Maybe so." Nancy smiled, looking down at her hands, which had unknowingly wrapped around the chord of her phone. "I'll be staying by the phone."

"Okay, well, I'll talk to you later. I love you."

"I love you too, talk to you later."

And within a breath, the call had ended. Their link from Hawkins to New York had closed, and Nancy still wasn't sure how she felt about it.

On one hand, Jonathan's excitement about the whole thing was adorable. She couldn't be mad at him for pursuing his dream, she was proud of him for it. But on the other, Nancy would miss the time they'd spent in high school together. Their mornings and lunches spent observing Jonathan's developing process, their weekend study groups which always ended in Steve declaring the group take an early break, preferably in the form of pizza.

But even after they'd graduated, the bond hadn't faded, if anything it grew stronger. They'd spend weeks bouncing from house to house, their parents bewildered at this unlikely partnership but going along with it all the same.

The best times were the ones where Steve's parents were out of town,

when they could snuggle close together on his bed and talk about nothing in particular. These visits felt like a haze, like nothing in the outside world could touch them from there.

Nancy remembered their last weekend sleepover, when she'd tried to kiss Jonathan but had to stop because she was crying.

"I know I shouldn't be crying, because it's not like I'm leaving yet." She'd said, trembling as the boys held her.

But things really *would* be okay, no matter how hard they got. Nancy had to learn a lot of things the hard way, but she knew that no matter what happens, people can bounce back.

Barb had taught her that, though unintentionally.

When Nancy had been running through the woods, it felt like that fear would never end, that'd she always have it pressing at her back.

Eventually, the sun has to come up, and so did she.

"We gotta let our boy spread his wings, Nance." Steve said, wrapping his arm around her. "He'll be okay."

"Yeah, he definitely will."

So yeah, Jonathan would be okay, and finally so would she.

Author's Note:

Girl don't ask me why Steve and Nancy are going to college in Boston together I didn't rllly plan that part at all